

SPECIAL ALUMNI ISSUE

The MICROSCOPE

-NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS-

VOL.1 NO.2

Tuesday, January 3 1949

RETURN OF THE NATIVES

Victoria Invasion Improbable this year. *Limited finances and European War blamed*

Unless a miracle occurs between now and February or some wealthy soul leaves the University of B. C. a large grant of money or till three wars cease abruptly, there will be no Varsity Invasion to Victoria this year.

HOPES DIM

Hopes of an invasion dimmed toward the end of the fall term when the Board of Governors of the University strongly urged the Students Council not to hold an invasion because of what they termed "unfavorable publicity at this time."

The spectacle of some 500 U.B.C. students making whoopee in Victoria while Canadian soldiers grappled with Nazis in European mud would not be looked on with favor by the good burghurs of Vancouver and Victoria, it was believed.

The University of British Columbia is not in a position to flout public opinion.

NO MONEY

The second factor which contributes to the improbability of a 1940 Invasion is that of finances. Neither the Student Council nor the students themselves will be able to afford a venture of this nature.

To a U.B.C. student five dollars is a lot of money during a season when social functions are at their peak. The Invasion last year, which lost money, was almost cancelled at the last minute because of failure to sell enough tickets.

EGG TOSSERS

The unsportsmanlike attitude of Victoria in throwing eggs at departing Invaders last year did not help the situation.

A rugby team will be sent over as

ALUMNI REUNITE AT CHRISTMAS HOP

*Recall old days at
Craigdarroch castle*

With three off-key blasts from the captains whistle and a clank of the gang-way, that great sea-going vessel the Princess Marguerite crept along the Victoria dock and vomited forth its cargo of Victoria College students who returned last week from various caRoi throughout North America. BACK FROM NORMAL

At the same time the Victoria Normal School disgorged its contents neophyte teachers, twenty-two of whom bore the stamp of good old B. C.

At 9:05 the sons of Craigdarroch congregated 'neath the white pillars of the Empress Hotel basement ball-room and amid hand shaking, back slapping and leg pulling recalled the dear dead days of long ago.

NOTORIOUS

Among the notables were Fife Steer and her nince-nez, Patsy Watson, flashing the same old glamour, Sylvia Petch and Mary J. Pearce, up and coming stenogs., Gerry "Boops-a-Daisy" Paterson, Korn "Stardust" McMartin and Bruce Mickleburgh full of college spirit.

J. Roger Meredith, one time student council member was not present. He attributed his absence to the fact that his grey flannels were not as immaculate as would be necessary for his fifth official public appearance.

At the conclusion of the brawl the alumni inspected the city and continued to saturate it until the early morning hours.

usual, but it will be unaccompanied. It is expected that the Invasion will be revived again at the duration of the war.

This year Joe Varsity and Betty Co-ed are staying at home.

THE MICROSCOPE EDITORIAL PAGE

The
MICROSCOPE

"No news is good news"

Vol. 2.

No. 9

Wednesday, January 3.

This special Alumni Issue produced by Pierre Berton, Harold Parrott and David Harper with the assistance of Douglas Worthington.

Photographs through the courtesy of Walter Friker, Frank Turley and Peter Bryden.



Old Mike Staff
Moulton Parrott Berton
McMinn Sloan
Duncan Laidman Pearse

OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT

The paper which you are now supposedly reading has been produced with much tearing of hair and floor pacing by the now grey headed men of the old MIKE crew.

We realize that the whole thing is unethical, that we should not be "poking our noses" into affairs which no longer concern us. But after reading the present Mike files, we could not control ourselves.

Perhaps we may sound conceited. But when the crew of **our** ship deliberately scuttles that ship, then it is time something was done!! (It has been suggested that the entire Editorial staff commit Hari-Kari by leaping from the banister in front of the Council room).

So we would like to recommend to the present Mike staff that they grow up and forget about Who's Who in College scandal. The policy of this paper last year was always to be as impersonal in journalism as was possible. Criticism too, where merited, is fine. But it can be and this year has been overdone.

College students soon tire of a scandal sheet. They do not want High School stuff. They want a newspaper which can act as an exponent of college opinion and at the same time present news and events in a light humorous vein.

Dance out of the Red

An Editorial

Disregarding tradition, which states that a College dance must lose money, this year's College Struggle, officially known as the Christmas Dance moved over to the right hand side of the ledger after prolonged vacations in the red.

This feat was accomplished only after the realization that the average College students have only so much money, and getting so many students into such a sized hall dancing to the strains of such a sized orchestra is sometimes financially impossible.

In the days of the original Varsity Ball the Christmas season was not plagued with the epidemic of social functions which had lately broken out in blotches during the vacations.

A College function at the present time cannot depend to any great extent upon outside support. College dances must be run on a small scale to be financially sound.

Big ballrooms, big orchestras and big crowds are things of the past. This year's council is to be complimented, therefor, on the conservative financing of their latest dance.

The result--the dance made a profit...shades of Jack Williams.

HORNE REFUSES 5TH TERM.



Bobby Horne in repose

"Sorry but I'm refusing all offers for a 5th term"

That was the amazing statement of Robert (Bobby) Horne as he informed the Microscope that he would not return for the 1940-41 session.

Despite the Faculty cry of "They Shall not Pass" Bobby states that he will beat the jinx this year and go on to higher things.

The diminutive scholar, who is the last of the House of Horne, has become an established college tradition during the past few years.

His loss will be keenly felt by a wide circle of cronies, both male and female.

1940 Annual Will Be Different says Ed.

More Humour, photos, art in this years Craigdarroch

Promising that she would do her best to produce a first class 1940 Craigdarroch, Editor-in-Chief Betty Lindsay paused briefly in her work last week to tell the Microscope that certain changes were necessary to make this years Annual a success.

DON'T CARE

"I don't care what anybody says" declared Betty grimly, referring to certain slurs cast upon the Annual Board, "We are determined to produce a bang-up yearbook!"



She voiced the hope for more original material in the form of contributions. In previous years annual features have tended to become stereotyped. This year the Board wants "something different!"

HUMOUR and PHOTOS

Breezy, sparkling college humour will be the theme of the whole book Betty declared. She told the Microscope that the Board would try this year to use a greater number of photographs and increase the art work.

A special effort is being made by Business Manager Don Fields to secure wider advertising coverage.



Art Editor
Walter
Friker



Sports
Editor
Bill
Sloan

NEOPHYTE ACTORS IN 3 SPRING PLAYS

Lucas names directors, outlines new program

Twelve embryo student actors will smother their stage fright next February when they stand before an audience of College scholars and Victoria citizens ~~xxxxxx~~ in the Junior High Auditorium and make their debut in three smooth one act plays offered by the Player's Club this year in lieu of a larger production.

Operating on a radically different streamlined program made necessary by present world conditions, the Players Club under Colly Lucas prepared to settle down to a season of hard work.



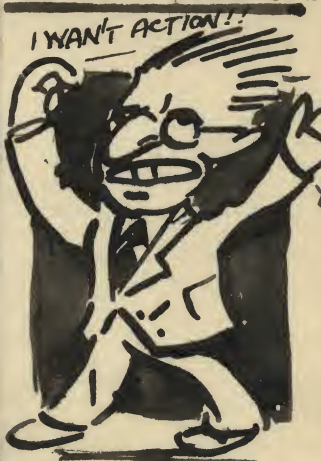
DIRECTORS

Student directors will replace professional ones for the presentation.

*Lost year
Bob and Gloria*

Murph McKenzie, veteran actor of two previous College productions will direct the cast of "Winner's All", which will include Mary Drury and Lorne Rowbottom *with Barbara Pritchard & Barry Hammons*

Colly Lucas will combine his executive duties with that of director when he puts the cast of "Get out of Your Cage" through their paces. Lucy Berton, Al Nared, Agnes Hope, Pud Foster and John Steadson will star in this production.



A director

Marian Peterson is out to prove that girls can direct too when she oversees the production of "Twenty-five Cents", starring Felicite Grant and Nan-reen Stephens, with Connie Sullivan, Yvonne Lowden and Mary Wickson.

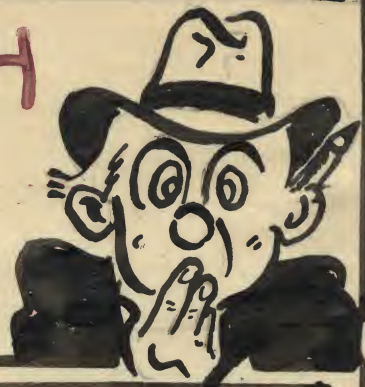
FREE STUDENT NIGHT

Colly Lucas voiced the possibility that the first night might be free to College students. The plays will be presented on a Friday and Saturday in the second week in February.

Hopes for a Player's Club Reception which has been traditionally held after the last night of the College play for the privileged few who aided in production, dimmed this week according to the President. It is not expected that a Reception ~~xxxxxx~~ will be held this year

CRAIG DARROCH COMMENT

by Anatole



Well, here I am again. Back after all these months. Funny isn't it? This is the third "last" column I've written. Crossing my fingers I state that this is **positively** the last.

UGLY

I'm in pretty ugly humour as I write this column. In the first place it is being written on New Year's morning of all times, and I haven't been to bed for 24 hours.

In the second place somebody has offered me a turkey sandwich.

Now ordinarily I would relish a turkey sandwich. But after a week of roast turkey, cold turkey, turkey croquettes, turkey fricasee (hash) turkey salad and turkey soup, the idea of a turkey sandwich is rather repulsive. Funny how one's taste changes that way.

So as I say, I am in an ugly mood. Therefore don't be surprised if this column gets tough.

FRESHMEN

I am going to discuss freshmen. Not ordinary freshmen, mind you, but Victoria College freshmen who are a slightly different breed. I observed one with interest and amazement the other day as I sipped my daily java in the Topper:

He dashed in in a breezy sort of manner waving to all present. Tucked into the band of his violently green hat protruded a large whisklike ~~feather~~ feather. A huge spotted scarf was coiled around his neck, while a brilliantly checkered coat dropped to his knees. From his pink lips ~~prick~~ issued a colossal pipe which almost entirely hid his face. He was entirely surrounded by girls.

Evidently he thought he was quite the boy. He really believed he was a typical college lad. Having absorbed the modern authorities of motion pictures and fiction, he had attired himself in this circus outfit and flattered himself that he was collegiate. Obviously he didn't realize how ridiculous he looked.

MORE LIKE HIM

There are several dozen like him now attending college. They are all freshmen, but the funny thing is they don't seem to realize it. At most Universities the fact that they are Green is early made known to Fresh.

No chance is lost to show them

what miserable worms they really are. It may sound like the caste system, but it is an important and necessary part of campus life.

With only a handful of sophomores present at Victoria College, the freshmen have things pretty well their own way. They do not know that they are Green and there is nobody to tell them.

They think that college life is primarily a mad social whirl of gay parties and dances. They forget the clubs and organizations which form such an important part of college activity. Fresh from high school, they have taken the Hollywood idea of College too literally. Because they are no longer high school kids and are given a certain amount of latitude, they think that they are seasoned college men and lose no chance to impress this fact on strangers.

It is a mistake common to all freshmen at every university. Usually there are fatherly sophomores in attendance to make the misguided ones see the error of their ways. But over here we are faced with the disturbing prospect of seeing the freshmen run hog wild.

It reminds me of a little child I once saw. He had just received his first pair of long pants and he thought he was very very grown up. Unfortunately he wasn't old enough for long pants and far from looking grown up he appeared ridiculous.

Figuratively speaking, Victoria College freshmen are trying out their first pair of long pants.

Photo of the Week



CAUGHT IN THE
ACT

This is an authentic photo of a Victoria College student studying at home.



THE MICROSCOPE SOCIETY PAGE

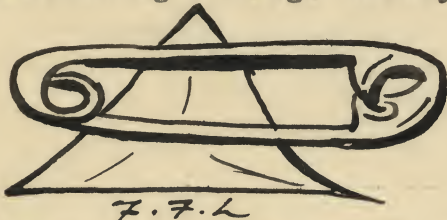
Harper Pays Tribute to Female Forbears Addresses Future Father's League

Addressing a mass meeting of the Future Father's League of America, Victoria College branch, David A. Harper, founder of the movement, stressed the necessity of fatherhood and forecast a great year ahead for future fathers.

Paying glowing tribute to the work of the women in this connection, the speaker announced the formation of a woman's auxiliary in connection with the league.

"Many of us do not realize this fact," he told the would-be napkin folders, "but 50 per cent of our forbears were women!"

Brandishing a large safety pin,



above his head as the emblem of the league, the young leader urged his audience to carry the ideals of future fatherhood into every corner of the globe.

Already branches of the organization have been formed at Fernie, the Victoria Normal School and U.B.C.

The meeting ended with a discussion on the possibility of establishing a paternity ward at the Jubilee hospital.

Council Room Branded as 'Love Nest'

In his special weekly report to the Microscope, Secret Operative #4, denounced the Student's Council, the Player's Club and Room 16 as love nests.

"Crawling under the crack of the Council room door" Operative #4 writes, "I surprised certain prominent council members holding hands. I did not accept the explanation that they were testing each other's pulse beats"

The operative charged that the large globe in Room 16 affords ample space for privacy, two turtle doves having escaped notice by remaining there for an entire lecture.

As for the Player's Club... tsk! tsk! Operator 4.. tsk! tsk!

Woo-Woo! Co-Ed Ball to Start Week of Woo-

Woo-Woo!

That is the cry which will softly murmur its way through Craigdarroch corridors when February rolls around. For February means the Co-Ed ball and the Co-Ed ball means the start of National Woo Pitching Week.

Other colleges have their Sadie Hawkins days, but it took the lads of Victoria College to conceive the brilliant and daring idea of a whole week of woo pitching.

This year the event will take on special significance, for it is leap year and February has 29 days. The 29th day is usually the hottest.

Starting with the Co-ed Ball on Feb. 29 the week will come to a dramatic climax when at a special meet on ~~February 29~~ ^{March 6}, the W.P. committee will name the winners.

Last year's



Contestants were neck'n'neck

This year the hunt is starting early. Already, timid co-eds are beetling up to handsome college swines#, and bashfully requesting the pleasure of their company at the forthcoming hop.

Already, College lads are pacing fretfully before the telephone, waiting for the Call That Never Comes.

Co-eds are being a little more careful this year. They haven't forgotten the beating they took last year when Joe College incensed at alleged trickery on the part of the co-eds around that time, refused to date College girls for the football dance.

March 6

At midnight on ~~February 29~~, the Woo Pitching champions, male and female will be chosen. Suitable cups will be presented by the committee, composed of Wally Friker, Bill Sloan and Jim Asselstine, all seasoned woo-pitchers.

Last year's champion Terence X. O'Grady will relinquish his crown at that time but rumour states that he will try for a second term.

#should read "swains"

THE WOMEN

LATEST
HAT STYLE

SPINACH

WHEN A
WOMAN GETS
JEALOUS...
WATCH
OUT!

I'M WEARING
MY HAIR
UP THIS
YEAR.

TALONS

The ANGRY BLONDE
BOY FRIEND CAME
2 MINUTES LATE
and IS SHE MAD!

The MISTLETO GAL
SHE PRETENDS
SHE DOESN'T SEE
IT.

HANDKERCHIEF
DROPPER.
SHE ALWAYS
GETS HER MAN.

JUST A HOME GIRL
SAYS SHE HATES
MEN - MAYBE IT'S
VICE VERSA.

OUTDOOR GIRL
SHE FOLLOWS
MEN INTO THE
GREAT OUTDOORS

MANY A WOMAN
HAS BEEN SAVED
BY A SHAPELY PAIR
OF SHANKS

WILBUR
DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND
WOMEN

BERTON '40

GRIDLEY QUAYLE RIDES AGAIN!

—FOUNDED ON
FACT—



(From an old fragmentary manuscript)

... The corridors of the castle were dark that fateful day in December... dark and silent. Save for the single candle which guttered over the 1 1/2 pages of the Microscope, gloom reigned supreme. Down the barren halls a single figure roved..that of a wary member of the discipline committee on his ceaseless hunt for lecture skippers.

Slowly the massive castle door creaked open and a figure oozed in. Clad in green fedora, gaudy scarf, checkered coat and smoking a monster pipe, he might have been any college student. But one item belied his outward appearance. From his hip pocket there protruded a bottle of college spirit. It could be only one person...Gridley Quayle.

Quayle paused at the portals and listened attentively. The grim tones of the Glee Club's theme song "We Sing and the Angels Cry" was worried their way through three sets of doors.

Suddenly a scream rent the air and dripped down the stairs. "Ah!" mused the defective, "I believe the Glee Club is improving"

But in a flash he realized that this wasn't the Glee Club--they weren't that good. It could be only one thing--a murder was happening! THE FIEND was at large again.

As the Human Bloodhound took the stairs 4 at a time he bumped into one Paddlebottom carrying an armful of wood.

"Which way is Ward 9?" shouted Quayle.

"Ward 9?" replied Paddlebottom wonderingly "Do you still believe in that old myth?"

Sighing deeply, Quayle hurled an epithet at the Freshman and left him unconscious on the stairs.

At the top of the stairs he espied a grim sight. Weltering in a pool of blood a body lay. A crushed and bleeding mass, it had no arms nor legs.

Thinking it was an Injured Rugby Player, Quayle drew near. Sobbing over the cadaver mourned the pathetic figure of Hanky McFizzen.

"My God" gasped Quayle "It's the corpse of the Men's Discussion Club!"

At these words McFizzen removed his empty pipe and shuddered to the floor.

"Here" said Quayle "Have a drink

of water."

At the mention of this awful word Hanky turned a ghastly white.

"No No Not that!" he whispered hoarsely "You know I never touch the stuff"

Suddenly the plaintive cry of a police siren whined around the stone castle walls.

"The law" muttered Quayle. "Buck Saloon Rides Again!"

Then something caught his eye and the defective whirled. "What's that?" he queried, indicating a figure who slithered by, clad from head to foot in a black cloak, "The Shadow?"

"No, it's only Harry Hickup" replied Hanky. "he's harmless."

The creature willowed around the corner and disappeared, dragging it's French accent behind it.

"We haven't a moment to lose if we are to apprehend the Fiend" Quayle hissed ~~if we are to apprehend the Fiend~~. On to the Council sanctum!"

Gridley darted down the murky corridor evading the pleas of the rival S.C.M. and V.C.U.'s to come to their prayer meetings.

Fighting his way thru Betty Flimsey's Annual Horde who were gnawing their typewriters, he reached the inner sanctum of the Stuious Council.

He entered without knocking to find the grotto in darkness. Little billings and cooings murmured around the sacred walls.

"Who killed the M.D.C.?" Quayle shouted, switching on a light

Heavens the Incorruptible, who had been wearing Peggy Sagebrush around his neck, leaped to his feet and remarked that it was nice weather.

"Answer my question" hissed Quayle or I'll make you read your last year's election promises".

Heavens shuddered like a freshman opening his Christmas exam marks.

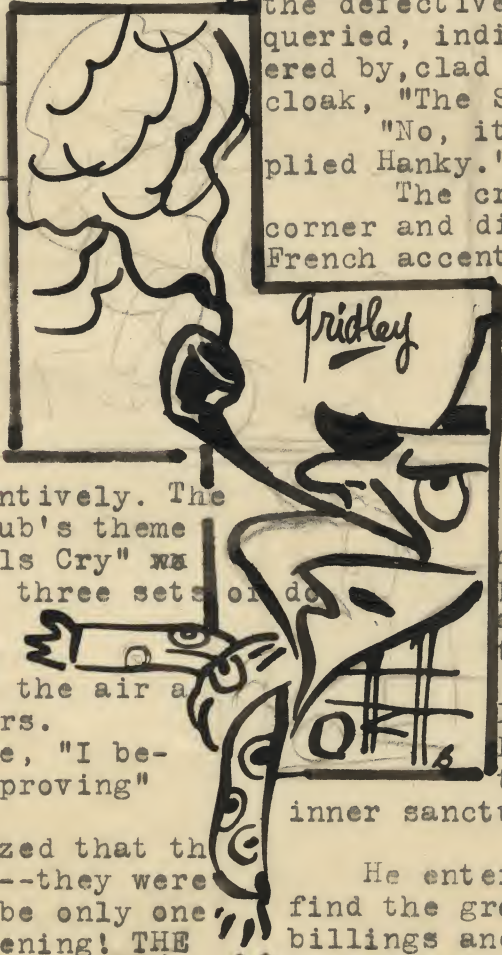
"The M.D.C. deserved to die" said a syrupy voice at the defectives shoulder. It was Snob Blaine.

"Listen, you Sneer in Men's Clothing said the sleuth "One more peep and I'll make you look at your picture in last year's Ahhual"

BlPain quivered and was still.

"The time has come" Quayle rapped, as he faced the mob "for a denouement" (French by courtesy of H.H.)

But just as Quayle was about to use third degree methodz on the continued on page 7^{col}



- THE MICROSCOPE SOCIETY PAGE -

Gerry Patterson tangoes
and boops-a-daisies
her way to Fame.



This is Gerry
in full
bloom.

If while dancing some night you feel somebody bump you with a hefty thud, don't turn angrily around with a half smothered curse on your lips.

They may be doing the boops-a-daisy.

And it will probably be Miss Geraldine Paterson, ex-Victoria College student and leading debutante of the town.

She is more than a debutante. She is a tango debutante. Nay, she is greater... she is a boops-a-daisy debutante.

Most girls when they leave college become teachers, nurses, stenographers, or go on to higher degrees. Not so Gerry.

Gerry teaches dancing and as such is a living advertisement of her profession. To her must go the credit (or the blame) for the popularity of the boops-a-daisy at Victoria social functions.

GRIDLEY QUAYLE cont'd.

Council dupes, a sinister cackle snickered under the crack of the door.

Quayle whirled as the door opened to find himself face to face with the green clad figure of the Fiend!

"You wish to know who rubbed out the

Injured players
To Benefit
At Rugby Hop



Is this your
boy?

the college on crutches, or with arms in slings or bandages on their bodies, used to play rugby. Unfortunately, the game got the better of them.



Look at them.

Here they lie, maimed, torn and discarded after doing their bit for their Alma Mater.

Is this right?
Is this just?
Is this fair?

Dying
for a drink

Ask any one of them and they will tell you that it isn't.

It is for Their benefit that the Rugby dance will be held. Can you read this heartrending appeal without budging? Or do you feel impelled to rush out and buy a ticket for the dance right away? It's no use because tickets aren't ready yet.



the event. Don't miss it?

The dance is expected to be a wow of an affair. Rumour

← On the wagon

states that even Ward 9 may be furnished for

M.D.C.?" the Fiend jeered, "I did it" "Yes and I also brought anarchy into the Glee Club, made the Mike the miserable muddle of mediocre misinformation and misprints it now is and gave the Club room and Annual room to the Staff. I also killed Ward 9. Now I shall kill you!"

Quayle swerved into a corner and pulled a string. Immediately Jake Panderson's budget lost its balance and struck the murderer. The Fiend was dead.

A gleam came into Hanky's eyes.

"This calls for a celebration" he said.